

The True and The False

The saloon was superbly fitted up and splendidly illuminated, and filled with the most brilliant and imposing company that had ever gathered there. Here were assembled some of the most distinguished men and most beautiful women from the four quarters of the nation; men high in military or civic rank, renowned in the field or the forum; scholars celebrated in the arts or sciences; general officers in their gorgeous uniforms; foreign ministers and ambassadors in their sumptuous court dresses, and attended by their suites; in a word, all the splendor, talent, beauty and celebrity of the capital city in its best season filled the President's saloon that night.

It must be confessed that our rustic boy, with his pride and genius and sensitiveness, was at first somewhat dazzled and dazed. Yet he need not have been. In all that brilliant assemblage there was not so handsome or graceful a man as Falconer O'Leary—with his classic profile, and his eyes, his large, dark, flashing eyes, and shining raven hair, and his fine, athletic figure, clothed in the simple suit of black—the was literally "handsome as Hercules ere his first labor," and more than one pair of bright eyes lingered on the boy and wondered who he was. His eyes—his eyes—his eyes—Maud Hunter. There she was—the beautiful girl—seated on one of the side sofas, and, as usual, with her father and her mother.

Unobserved for a while he watched her, and nearly suffocated with strangely mixed emotions of love, jealousy, anger and admiration. Maud had been beautiful as a star, when in her plain, humble gown of black calico, without a single ornament. And now her peerless beauty was enhanced by all the advantages of a rich and elegant costume. She wore a robe of rose-colored brocade, made low on the neck, with short sleeves, and trimmed with a gossamer lace, pearl necklace and bracelet, and a string of pearls twined in and out with the sunbeams of her hair, and looping back the long, bright ringlets from her rosy cheeks. Her face was averted, and her head bowed over a bouquet that she held in her hand—she gave a gasp and speech of some perturbed signifier, who was bending forward whom Falconer at once recognized as an impudent, conceited French prodder, whom he should like to seize by the goatee and send whirling from the room. "Can't you tell me who that foreign jack-a-nape is, standing before Miss Hunter?" he asked of Donzoni, who was passing near.

"That! Oh! Is it possible you don't know? Why, he is one of the foremost among the competitors for the hand of the beautiful heiress—said to be a dangerous, if not a successful rival of Sir Henry Percival."

"Who is he?" muttered Falconer, between his clenched teeth. "Why, Senor Don Emilio DO—, the son of General de la Cruz DO—, of the Argentine Republic. One of the lions of the Washington saloons, he surprised you did not know him?" "No, I know nothing of the foreign monkeys that fine ladies choose to make lions of," growled Falconer, with a bitter look directed toward Maud, who had not as yet lifted her head. "Other gentlemen have approached the beauty, and among them were Mr. Donzoni, the nephew of the President, a starred and ribboned foreign minister, and a military officer. They closed in and intercepted the view of the lovely girl, and she anathemized them for the act. The very heart in his bosom was corroding with chagrin. He had never seen Maud in full dress before, and now, insignificant as such a superficial matter really was, it seemed to the boy's vexed and morbid feelings as if the very elegance of her dress, as well as the nature of her surroundings, separated her farther and farther from him. And when her face was turned away, she seemed quite another person from the little, loving creature in the plain black calico frock, who used to sit by his humble cottage fire and knit or sew—who was all his own, with no one to interfere—and whom he could love, caress, chide, praise, flatter, quarrel with, and make up with at his pleasure, with no one to oppose. Now she was drawn away and lifted high above him—set like a star in the heavens, above him, and he growled behind his set teeth.

"No! no! this is not my gentle love—this is every inch a superlative young lady—this is really the queen-beauty of

Washington, and she has forgotten that she was ever anything else!" Thus he thought and spoke when Maud's face was turned away, while she received the adulation, conveyed by glance and tone and sigh, of the circle around her. But presently the circle opened, and at the same moment the beautiful girl lifted up her head, and her eyes fell upon Falconer, and the smile of joy that suddenly illumined her sweet, pensive countenance, revealed that she was still at heart his Maud. She took and pressed her mother's fingers, and stooped and spoke to her with a gladdened sparkling glance. And Mrs. Hunter smiled gently, and looked toward Falconer.

But then the boy's proud, jealous, surly demon instigated him to grumble to himself that he would not stand there to be made a spectacle of, and, turning abruptly, he moved off to a distant part of the saloon, where, from an oblique angle, unobserved himself, he continued to watch the maiden. There was a little stir and murmur around him, which he soon understood to be occasioned by the quiet entrance of the President into the saloon. But the President was a subject of profound indifference to our boy, until he saw his venerable but still erect and imposing form standing before Mrs. Hunter and her daughter. He saw him bow and smile, and fall into a pleasant, lively chat with the mother, and then, after a little while, turn and address the daughter and offer her his arm. And he saw Maud bow and smile and arise. And saw them pass off together for a promenade. The boy's jealous heart overflowed with bitterness.

"It was not enough," he said, "that her head was turned with flattery before, but now the President must do her this very unusual honor!"

And he stood and watched them as they joined the circle of promenaders that slowly revolved around the saloon. He watched the pair closely. They walked and talked like friends, in the President's manner to the beautiful girl there was a sort of fatherly fondness and familiarity, and in Maud's demeanor to his excellency a filial respect and affection that seemed to dispense with ceremony and reduce their intercourse to a primitive simplicity.

After making the circuit of the saloon two or three times the President led her back to her place, took the seat by her side and continued the pleasant, lively chat with her there. Falconer observed them some time longer, and then, nodding his head grimly two or three times, he said to himself:

"Now I will try her! I will put her to the test! I will put them all to the test! Come! I will go and invite Miss Hunter to take a promenade with me. Let us see if she will accept the invitation. Let us see if she will not rather be 'very sorry,' and too much fatigued, and beg to be excused. Oh! ha! ha! know how it will be!"

And so saying, the boy deliberately sauntered up toward the sofa where they sat. The President was seated between Mrs. and Miss Hunter—Daniel Hunter on the other side of his wife. The four were gaily conversing with their heads together, and did not perceive the approach of Falconer until he stood before them. He bowed to the group, and then, turning to Maud, addressed to her some words of the merest commonplace courtesy.

"A very pleasant evening, Miss Hunter—I hope that you have enjoyed it." She looked up—the same flush of pleasure lighted up her face, and out flew her little white hand like a bird into his—

"Oh, Falconer! I am so glad to see you!" she said. "Spoiled child of society, as he had called her, she was still far more natural, simple and genial than himself.

"I am so glad to see you. But why have you not called?" "Circumstances beyond my control," Miss Hunter, have deprived me of that honor. I need scarcely inquire, Miss Hunter, whether you are pleased with Washington city. Your looks assure me that you have enjoyed your winter here."

"Yes; it is a pleasant place in all respects; we meet interesting people from all parts of the world here. And, best of all, it is like it because it is a truly democratic city; there is little exclusiveness here."

"I am truly rejoiced to hear that you have been so well pleased, Miss Hunter." "And yet—well, sir, I might have been better pleased."

"Miss Hunter, if you are not already too weary, will you do me the honor to accept my arm for the promenade?"

"I will do myself that pleasure, rather, if the President will excuse me," she said, turning with a beaming smile toward the latter.

The President assented with a bow and a smile, and a jest as to what he should answer were he forty years younger.

"And will your excellency permit me to present to you my earliest friend and foster-brother, Mr. Falconer O'Leary, of Maryland. No doubt, he will be a great pleasure to you, and will be a most innocent freedom. Mr. O'Leary, as in duty bound, made his bow to the President in his reception room, but we know that his excellency finds it impossible to remember even those among his 'dear five million friends.'"

"Miss Hunter may do her utmost with me," said the old gentleman, shaking his hand, and then welcoming Falconer with cordiality. And our boy felt a twinge of compunction and also a mortification to think that he had really committed the vandalism of passing through the reception room and entering the saloon without having had the grace to pay his respects to the master of the house—not to say the President.

But this slight feeling of self-reproach was but as a ripple upon the stormy waves of his deeper and fiercer emotions, in which it was soon engulfed. He drew the little hand of the maiden within his thick press of the crowd, and was beginning to thin off—the saloon was only moderately full of company. And Miss Hunter, hanging on the arm of a stranger of distinguished manly grace and beauty, was now the observed of all observers. She was indifferent because unconscious of the attention they attracted; but he, on the contrary, with his heart bursting with suppressed emotion, and desirous above all things for a confidential interview with her—she was painfully conscious of the hundreds of eyes that saw him. He was pale and silent—now with her arm resting trustfully on his, with her teeth thrilling him through every nerve and vein to his heart's core, he no longer affect to address her with the commonplace nonsense of a drawing-room chat-chat.

He looked toward Mr. and Mrs. Hunter to see how they took his promenade with their daughter, and whether they watched him. But, no! they appeared cheerful and confident, or indifferent, he could not decide which. The President and Mr. Hunter were earnestly discussing some subject of interest, and Mrs. Hunter was listening to them with pleased attention. There was evidently no jealous surveillance on their part.

But, oh! the crowd—the crowd, with its argus eyes! pressing so close upon them, too—two or three couples abreast, immediately in front of them—two or three couples treading on their heels behind—and a couple on the left—and no opportunity of relieving his bosom of its pent-up feelings, and no opportunity of speaking one earnest heart-word to his beloved that would not be heard by a dozen pair of ears, and repeated, most likely, by as many gossipping tongues. And this first meeting after their stormy separation and long, weary absence.

They made one or two turns around the room, and then another pair seized him—the company were now thinning off so fast that he thought their parting hour would come before he had said that his heart was bursting to say. At last he stooped and whispered huskily:

"Maud Hunter, I must speak to you alone, or die!"

He pressed her fingers on the arm on which she rested, and without further reply raised her head and looked toward a distant corner sofa that had been lately occupied by a party who were now leaving it to retire. Falconer followed her glance and led her toward it. This judgment is blinded by his passions."

"Maud," he commenced, "you said, a few moments ago, that you might have been better pleased with Washington. Dearest Maud, will you tell me what you mean?"

"If you had called to see us frequently as others did and do, I should have been happier."

"As others do! And do you imagine, Maud Hunter, that I could visit you as others do? I, your inseparable companion from infancy, who for years, and until the very moment of our sad separation, looked upon you as my wife? Oh, Sylvia, how blind, deaf, insensible you must be to all I feel to all I suffer! Visit you as others do?"

"I did not mean that, Falconer. You must know I did not mean that. I should have been gladder to see you than to see any one else, my dearest brother!"

"Your brother! Hum—yes! You introduced me to the President as your foster-brother—was it as your foster-brother that you would have been glad to see me?"

"Yes, dear Falconer."

"Miss Hunter! I have heard a rumor to which I have hitherto given but little credence, but which your manner would seem to confirm. I do not understand you," said Maud. "Miss Hunter—pardon me for asking a plain question, which I, nevertheless, think I may be considered entitled to ask and to which I may have a right to a candid answer."

"What is it then, Mr. O'Leary?"

"Mr. O'Leary! It was the first time she had ever so addressed him, and though he might have known that she could not do otherwise, since he persevered in calling her Miss Hunter, the name went through his bosom like a sword. He was very pale with restrained emotion—and his voice had an unnatural low, level tone, as he inquired:

"Miss Hunter, pardon my presumption, but are you engaged to be married?"

"Falconer, you wound and distress me."

"I am grieved to do so—I beg pardon—nevertheless, I beseech you, answer my question frankly, and to the point—are you engaged to be married or not?"

"I consider myself engaged," answered the maiden, in a low voice.

"Enough, enough, Miss Hunter! pardon my presumption, and permit me to lead you to your party," said the boy, in a smothered, suffocated voice.

"Falconer, my dear brother, what is the matter?" asked Maud, in alarm.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing—except that I am what many men will be after me—a fool!" He got up and offered his arm, and she also arose with a look of perplexity and distress, took it, and suffered her to conduct her back to her parents. And then the boy bowed deeply and withdrew. He immediately left the saloon—the light of life seemed dying out within him—his cheeks were white and curdled—his eyes were wild.

eyes staring in their sockets—he was sick of existence—he could derive no consolation or relief even from his art now; he could not have touched the Laocoon; he could not even have worked at the Niobe; he could do nothing. He thought but die, if death would only come. Maud retired from the saloon with her parents.

On reaching home she went immediately to her own chamber, where, throwing herself upon the bed, all eloquently dressed as she was, she gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

There came a tap at the door; she knew her mother's signal, and arose and opened it.

"Now, I have come to have a talk with you, child; now tell me what it is between you and Falconer? Why did he look so much like a demon's head when he brought you back to us; and why have you been weeping so much? Tell your mother," said the lady, leading the maiden to the sofa, and embracing her.

Maud threw herself upon her mother's bosom, and wept before she answered. And when Mrs. Hunter repeated the question, she replied:

"Oh, mother, dear mother, I do not understand it at all. All I do know is, that Falconer is very, very wretched, and I am not sure that I am not as incomprehensible as it is torturing to you both."

"In what manner does he behave, my dear? What does he say? What does he do? He must be very mistaken, and very unreasonable."

"Oh, mamma, I could not explain it to you, because I do not comprehend it myself. But that we are just now both very miserable, and that I am ungrateful, dear mother, in not being perfectly happy with you and my best father."

"My love, tell me all that has passed between yourself and Falconer, and I shall be glad to judge."

"Well, dear mother, I will; listen," said Maud, beginning and telling the lady word for word the whole of the short but significant conversation between herself and her wild lover.

In conclusion, she said, "Now, dear mother, I do not know what to do. I am not sure that I am not as incomprehensible as it is torturing to you both."

"I see it all, my love. There is a misunderstanding between you. You were speaking at cross purposes."

"How, dearest mother?"

"Why, thus; it is clear enough to me; I have heard of a silly rumor of your being engaged to Percival. This is not so, is it?"

"I am very much mortified!"

"Yes, there is such a report, my dear. And you have contradicted wherever I have heard it. Yet it still prevails."

"I am very sorry! And that unhappy Falconer has been misled."

"Undoubtedly, and he was talking about your rumored engagement to Percival, while you were thinking only of your pledge to himself! That explains his wretchedness," said Maud, gravely.

"It is impossible that Falconer could, for an instant, entertain the idea of my being so false! No, no, mamma! Falconer never, never thought so ill of me!"

"My child, as long as Falconer lived with you, he evidently did not fully understand and appreciate you. His judgment is blinded by his passions."

"And, oh, mamma! could Falconer believe that I could be a traitor to my other love, and engage myself to another?"

"It is evident that he did so, my child; and that he understood you to confess such an engagement."

"Oh, how could Falconer? How could he? Oh, mamma, let us undeceive him! Oh, mamma! tell me how I can undeceive him at once!" said Maud, clasping her hands.

The lady drew her to her bosom, and gravely and sweetly answered:

(To be continued.)

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURE ANAEMIA.

Pale Faces, Dizzy Spells, Palpitating Heart, Headaches and Shortness of Breath Are Symptoms of Anaemia.

Watery blood is an open invitation to disease to take possession of your system. Watery blood is responsible for nearly all the headaches and backaches and sideaches that afflict womankind. Watery blood is responsible for the dull eyes, sallow cheeks and the listless, dragged out feeling that is found in so many growing girls. Good blood means good health, and good blood actually comes through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Weak, ailing, despondent women who use this medicine are made active and strong; listless, pale-faced girls are given new health, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and a new sense of happiness and security. Mrs. E. S. Nightingale, Chesley, Ont., says: "My daughter was ill for a long time with anaemia and would often be confined to bed for three or four days at a time, and we feared she was going into a decline. A lady friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got a half dozen boxes. By the time these were used there was a marked improvement, and I got a further supply for her. The change these pills have wrought in her condition is so great that you would not think that she was the same girl. I will always have a kindly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Nearly every one follows the



"Didn't you get just a wee bit tired of 'Evangelical' in your school days? You remember that you had to commit the plagues of Egypt to memory and scan it until the sing-song of the verses got on your nerves? Can't you hear yourself now, unpraised on two rather shaky legs, chanting unmusically:

This is the forest primeval, The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Beset with mosses and mists and garments green, Indistinct in the twilight, Stand like Druids of old time,

But why go on? The whole horrid scene comes back to you. How you did hate that forest primeval! But it is good news to you who were children to learn that the forest primeval isn't there any more on the shores of the Basin of Minas. Just another forest has arisen, a forest of fruit trees. Most apple trees.

There are those who will tell you that an apple is no matter from whence it comes. That isn't so. A Nova Scotia apple is something quite different. At least that's what they tell you up in the land of the blueberries.

It must have been a Nova Scotia apple, they tell you, committing an anachronism to the feast of Fables and Thetis, thereby causing that disastrous scramble by Juno, Minerva and Poseidon for the prize of the apple, but it is found more abundantly in the Annapolis Valley.

The Annapolis Valley has been called the "Garden Spot of the Earth." When you have driven miles up the valley through fields of apple and pear and other trees, in the spring time when a sea of red and pink and white blossoms meets the eye and a riot of perfume assails the nostrils, or in the autumn when the trees are weighted down with their burden of fruit, you will think it well named.

Regarding speaking the Valley—they just call it a Valley, and it is a valley, and let it be at that—100 miles long and thirty miles wide. The soil is fertile and well watered. Meadows on either side of the valley are dotted with a series of ridges. The ridges bottom and the flats reclaimed from the sea are given over to hay fields and pasture lands.

The ridges are devoted largely to fruit-growing. If you stand somewhere in the bottom lands you will see rising gently from the meadows on either side orchards after orchard. If it is blossom time the picture will be brilliant. Here and there you will see a house or two, and a few barns, and the trees are occasional patches of tilled land, but it is mostly all trees.

The yield of Nova Scotia apples this year is the greatest in its history. The crop has all been gathered and marketed. It is estimated that 10,000 barrels of apples were shipped, not to mention the pears and plums and quinces.

Most of the apples have gone to England, as usual, but this year more shipments have been made to the American market than ever before. The prices have ranged from \$2.50 to \$3 a barrel and the Nova Scotia orchardists have received about \$2,000,000 for their harvest.

Last year the crop was about half as big. This year's harvest is seven times greater than that of fifteen years ago. For a farmer to clear from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year on a few acres is no unusual thing. Twenty years ago the farmer who shipped 1,000 barrels a year was a rarity; now there are some who ship 10,000 barrels a year. The greatest orchard in the valley is Hillcrest, near Kentville. It contains more than 2,000 trees. The apples of Nova Scotia have a flavor all their own. Though the fruit grows large, it does not become gross, as is the case with good deal of the fruit that comes from the West.

There are any number of varieties. In the late summer come the Harvest apples, the Boy Swets, the Red Astrachans and others. Later on come the Gravenstein—the King of all the apples—the Strawberry apples and the Bishop Pippins.

The list of winter apples would be interminable. Two varieties which command the highest prices are the Blenheim Pippins and the Ripston Pippins. They're both pippins in the colloquial sense of the word. Kings they are in the apple family—far above the rank of Baldwin and King of Tompkins and Spitzenberg, and Greenings and even Russet Swets. The Northern Spy, considered very highly in some parts, is an old tree in Nova Scotia.

The apple tree is long lived and grows to great size. In fact it rather overdoes it and has to be pruned up. The fruit of this tree will fill three barrels at the least. An old apple tree will produce ten barrels or more of excellent fruit.

The apples are picked in the orchards and usually carried away at once to steamer or train for shipment. In packing apples one opens the bottom of the barrel. The very finest specimens of the fruit are arranged in six layers of what will be the top of the barrel, and the rest of the fruit is packed in the spaces between the layers. That's why the apples always look so nice when you open a fresh barrel.

But the Nova Scotia fruit grower is an honest individual. He grades the apples carefully and marks the barrels "No. 1," "No. 2" and "No. 3" and the grades are good. All below that grade go to the cider mill.

The valley is a city of big gardens. The main roads, running generally east and west, on one side of each ridge, are called streets. The houses are large and prosperous looking; many of them have pretentious flower gardens. Fences have been generally abolished. Almost every house has a telephone. Every farmer keeps a good stable and a smart rig for pleasure driving.

Another thing is an unusual farming community. The rounds of social life go on as in a city. There is no lack of stores and returns to the farm content to make that their calling in life. Here and there the houses get close enough together to form a settlement which gets a name of its own. But there are no large towns. Annapolis, Bridport, Kentville and Wolfville are all under 2,000 population. It is just one big city, prosperous and contented.

There is one great lack. Applejack is scarcely known. Nova Scotia might well take a lesson from New Jersey.

PREPARING BEES FOR WINTER. Do not put off preparations for winter any longer than can possibly be avoided. The sooner after the white honey harvest is over that the bees are prepared for their winter snooze the better for all concerned, unless, of course, there is a fall flow of honey from buckwheat, golden rod, or some other source. But as a rule the beginner had better not figure on his bees storing honey in September.

The first thing to be done after the super is removed is to see that each colony has a laying queen and a good number of bees. The bees should be combed in an eight-frame hive on a day inclined to the cool will generally make a satisfactory cluster for wintering. To be sure, a queen and Hand. In the "Canadian Bee Journal" that there is a queen, each hive must be opened and brood looked for. Look above the centre of the hive, and a nice patch of sealed brood is seen on the three frames, or

even on one, the colony may be passed as all right in that respect. If a hive is found with no brood, when other hives have a reasonable amount, a search should be made for the queen. If she cannot be found, she is probably not there, but if she is, and is good for anything, her presence can be detected by giving a little feed to the colony in a feeder each evening for a week. This will make the queen commence to lay, and the eggs will be easily seen. Unless a queen is much valued, however, or it is desired to winter as many as possible, it does not pay to spend too much time hunting a queen this time of year. In an apiary of any size, even a small one, there are nearly always a colony or two too light in bees to put into winter, though they must have good queens. When a populous colony is found queenless, unite with one of these small colonies having a good queen, and everything will be all right. When a colony is found that has been queenless for a long time, so that the "laying workers" have made their appearance, and as a consequence, the bees are populated chiefly by little drones, it is no use in othering with them. The appearance of a comb containing brood from the eggs of these laying workers is so entirely different from that of a comb containing the brood of a good queen that even a novice can readily tell at a first glance. Whereas "proper" brood is capped evenly, and almost level with the top of the cells, this brood is uneven, the laying workers is very uneven and patchy, with the capings bulged away up in some places, and having the general appearance of rough ground, or a field covered with boulders. Laying workers lay any number of eggs in the cells, and these are not all the same size. So does a "drone laying" queen. The difference which will distinguish the beginning of a laying queen is distinguish the work of the two; that the eggs of a laying queen are nearly always stuck to the side of the cell about two-thirds of the way to the bottom, while the eggs of a laying worker are nearly always placed in their proper place in the bottom of the cell. A drone-laying queen is no use and must be destroyed as soon as she is found with one having a good laying queen.

After seeing that all colonies have good queens and enough bees to cover the combs, it is well to weigh to see whether there is sufficient honey in it to winter the bees. An eight-frame Langstroth hive, with covers, bottom board and everything complete, should weigh in the fall at least sixty pounds if it is properly wintered. The bees of the summer stands. If to be wintered in a cellar anything over fifty pounds will generally be more than enough. A few pounds more is better. A ten-frame hive should weigh about ten lbs. more than an eight-frame hive. When weighing, if there are not built all alike, allowance must be made for variations in size. Bees are given over to hay fields and pasture lands. The weights given above are for ordinary hives of well-seasoned one-inch pine lumber, with double glass covers, and a suitable bottom. Mark the weight on each hive at the time of weighing, and after the wintering is done, get the light on the proper weight. If one has some heavy combs of honey saved from the extracting super, it does not take much time to do the job. Simply open the light hive, take out an empty, or nearly empty, comb, or more than one if necessary, and replace them with full ones. Arrange the combs so that all the honey is on one side of the hive. By arranging the combs in this way, the bees do not find it necessary to move some empty combs to get at the full ones during the winter. The weight of the honey is at one side of the hive, and half at the other, with empty combs between. It is full combs are to be had the bees may be fed up to weight on granulated sugar, mixing equal parts by weight of sugar and water and melting in a boiler, and pouring into a feeder or some kind of dish inside the hive or in an empty super body set on top of the hive. A shallow super placed on top of the frames, and with a piece of tin board just a trifle smaller than the inside of the pan placed in to float on the honey, will take each evening, as much as the bees will take down in the night, and get them up to weight as fast as possible. Better feed five pounds or so over weight, as they will get back that much after feeding stops. Bees do not store honey in the fall, and look out for robbers while doing it.

A WORD TO MOTHERS. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for children that gives the mother the guarantee of a Government analyst that it is absolutely free from opiates and poisonous soothing stuff. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and simple fevers, and bring teeth through painlessly. They give baby sound natural sleep because they remove the cause of crossness and sleeplessness. Mrs. Ralph Judd, Judd Haven, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have given me great satisfaction both for feeding troubles and constipation." Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Every time you see a child who is whether from our or above an ancient and dilapidated garden or from our red tile in the good Hotel d'Orient, to which had been driven by a plague of sand in the camp, we stepped at once into a chapter of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

It is true there were electric lights and there was a trolley car crawling around the city, but they no more made it Western and modern than a head-neckline would change the character of the Venus of Milo. The driver of the trolley car looked like one of "The Three Calendars," and a gayly dressed little boy beside him blew loudly on an instrument of discord as the machine tranquilly advanced through the crowd. A man was run over a few months ago; his friends waited for the car to come around the next day, pulled the driver from his perch and stuck a number of long knives through him in a truly Oriental manner.—Henry van Dyke in Harper's Magazine.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. BRIGHTEN THE EYES, PURIFY THE BLOOD, CURE RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

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Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURE ANAEMIA.

Pale Faces, Dizzy Spells, Palpitating Heart, Headaches and Shortness of Breath Are Symptoms of Anaemia.

Watery blood is an open invitation to disease to take possession of your system. Watery blood is responsible for nearly all the headaches and backaches and sideaches that afflict womankind. Watery blood is responsible for the dull eyes, sallow cheeks and the listless, dragged out feeling that is found in so many growing girls. Good blood means good health, and good blood actually comes through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Weak, ailing, despondent women who use this medicine are made active and strong; listless, pale-faced girls are given new health, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and a new sense of happiness and security. Mrs. E. S. Nightingale, Chesley, Ont., says: "My daughter was ill for a long time with anaemia and would often be confined to bed for three or four days at a time, and we feared she was going into a decline. A lady friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got a half dozen boxes. By the time these were used there was a marked improvement, and I got a further supply for her. The change these pills have wrought in her condition is so great that you would not think that she was the same girl. I will always have a kindly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Nearly every one follows the